

Halo 3: The War for Earth

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Summary: The ending of Halo 2, and the events that will decide the fate of the Earth. Prologue, Chapter 1 and Chapter 2 up. Updates may be far between, Junior year is hard. Rated M for violence and some choice words. Review please.

1. Prologue

****Disclaimer:** I do not own Bungie, Microsoft, or Halo. This is the only disclaimer that I will have.**

****_A/N:_****** _This chapter will probably not be rewritten, unless absolutely necessarily. This is a shorter chapter, but considering that most prologues are short, give me a break._**

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><p><p>Prologue:

The Arbiter turned and ducked as Tartarus's hammer went through the space the Arbiter occupied a second before. The Arbiter jumped to the side and saw a human approach on the ledge above, with a beam rifle in tow.

"Do you need some help down there?" Sergeant A. J. Johnson chuckled.

"What do you think!" The Arbiter yelled.

"Heh heh, I got you," Johnson said as his finger hovered over the rifle's trigger.

Tartarus lunged forward towards the Arbiter as a particle beam hit him in midair. Two more shots followed suit, and then Johnson's beam rifle overheated.

Tartarus groaned as his shields flickered and yelled out, "Foolish

human. Kill him, my Brutes!"

Before any Brutes could get to Johnson, however, a group of energy sword-wielding Elites emerged from the room behind him. One by one, the Brutes fell by the Elite's blades.

"We've got your back, human. Kill the beast," a Zealot shouted. "Kill the beast, before he destroys us all!"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm on it. Arbiter, I can keep his shields down, but you have to deliver the finishing blow." Johnson instructed as he fired again.

"I shall hurry." The Arbiter muttered, "Because the fate of the universe depends on me." He dived under Tartarus's hammer, yet again, and rolled off to the side.

The Arbiter activated his active camouflage and jumped into the gravity lift, which propelled him up to the top floor of the structure. The active camouflage wore off just as he reached the top, and he quickly ran over to one of the Covenant weapon containers. He took a Covenant Carbine out of one of the slots, and grabbed a couple of energy pods for it.

Tartarus let out a sharp yell, which signaled that his shields were out. Quickly, the Arbiter slid and fell down to the middle level of the structure. He ran forward, jumped and shot him in the head four times. Tartarus let out a squelched gargle and slumped to the ground, dead.

"Go human!" The Arbiter yelled to the female human, who was resting on a rotating platform on the outside of the hierarchical structure.

"I'm on it!" The female answered. She jumped onto the middle level of the structure and grabbed the index from its glowing cradle. The ground shook violently as Halo disarmed. The female turned and looked upwards to see 343 Guilty Spark, floating downwards with Johnson holding onto it. A holopanel lit up and an image appeared.

"What's that?" The female asked.

"A beacon," 343 Guilty Spark replied.

"What's it doing?"

"Communicating, at super-luminal speeds with the frequency of-"

"Communicating with what?" the female interrupted.

"The other installations." 343 Guilty Spark replied.

"Show me," the female answered.

"Fail-safe protocol. In the event of unexpected shutdown, the entire system moves to standby status. All remaining platforms are now ready for remote activation."

"Remote activation? From here?"

"Don't be ridiculous!" replied 343 Guilty Spark matter-of-factly.

"Now listen here tinkerbell, don't make me-" Johnson yelled and pointed at it.

"Then where, where would someone go to activate the other rings?" the female interrupted, before Johnson really went off at 343 Guilty Spark.

There was a slight pause before the Monitor spoke again. "Why, the Ark, of course!"

"And where, Oracle, is that?" inquired the Arbiter.

* * *

>The Forerunner ship creaked as it exited slipspace. The Master Chief stood and leaned against a wall.<p><p>

A marine keyed his com and said, "We've got a new contact! Unknown classification!"

"If it isn't one of ours, take it out," Fleet Admiral Hood commanded.

"This is Spartan-117. Can anybody read me? Over." John announced through his com.

"Isolate that signal. Master Chief? You mind telling me what you're doing on that ship?" Admiral Hood inquired.

"Sir, finishing this fight," responded the Spartan.

2. Chapter 1: New Allies, New Beginnings

Chapter One: New Allies, New Beginnings

"That, Reclaimer, is for you to find out." 343 Guilty Spark hummed as he floated out of the control room.

"We should be off. The Flood is still spreading, and if we don't hurry, they'll consume us." Keyes stated.

"Yeah, but where to? _In Amber Clad_ is completely infected by the Flood, there's no chance we'll get that back," Johnson said, as he scratched his head. "It's also crashed into a wall, so there's no chance of getting into it, even with a Phantom or a Pelican."

"We could take my ship, human. A few Phantoms are heading this way to pick us up. I only hope that the Flood hasn't gotten to it yet." The Arbiter told them.

They walked back out of the hierarchical structure, and outside of the control room. Three Phantoms flew from the east, towards the control room. The Phantoms began to charge their turrets, but stopped when they saw the Arbiter. The Phantoms flew by the Arbiter and hovered just above them. A white armored Elite dropped out of the

first ship, and two Spec-Ops Elites followed. The two Spec-Ops Elites drew their energy swords, when the white armored Elite held out his hand. The two Elites growled, and stopped in their place.

"Arbiter, you've stopped the Brutes? And their chieftain, Tartarus?" The white armored Elite spoke.

"Yes, Excellency. The traitors have been defeated, and the Sacred Icon has been secured." The Arbiter relaxed slightly, knowing that the Phantoms were not controlled by Brutes.

"Why do these humans live, Arbiter? We should grind them to dust," The first Spec-Ops Elite growled.

"Don't you agree, commander?" The second Spec-Ops Elite looked at the white armored Elite approvingly.

"The Arbiter obviously has a reason for sparing these humans, or they would have been dead by now." The Elite commander spoke.

"These humans are our allies now. The one that they call Johnson helped me defeat Tartarus. If you have a problem with them, you'll have to answer to me," The Arbiter glared at the Spec-Ops Elite, who was taken aback.

"Yes, Excellency. I understand." The Spec-Ops Elite apologized. "I will control my temper."

"You'd better, or I'll kick your ass!" Johnson yelled and shook his fist at the Elite.

"Johnson, there is no need for that. They're on our side, remember?" Keyes scolded.

"Yes, ma'am." Johnson murmured.

"The humans will aid us in our fight against the traitors, commander." The Arbiter stated. "Their determination should prove to be a formidable strength."

"I hope you know what you're doing, Arbiter. The war between the humans and the Covenant has gone on for **thirty five** years. Are you sure we can trust them?" The commander muttered.

"Commander, I know how you must feel, but you needn't feel that way anymore. The humans are our allies." The Arbiter stated.

"Alright, we should be on our way," Keyes interrupted. "There isn't much time left, and we need to defend Earth, before the Prophet of Truth destroys it."

"You're right. Everyone, onto the Phantom!" The Arbiter barked. "We need to stock up on our supplies before we continue onto Earth."

The Arbiter, the commander Elite, Keyes, Johnson and the two Spec-Ops Elites boarded the Phantom, and it took off with a gentle hum.

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>The Master Chief grabbed his Carbine and ran up to the top of the

ramp. He peered around the corner and saw 3 Brutes, two with two Brute Plasma Rifles each, and one with a Brute Shot. He knew he had to think of a plan to get around them.<p><p>

"I don't have much ammo left." The Spartan thought. He knew without looking that he only had one extra energy pod left for his Carbine. "The Brute with the Brute Shot won't be a problem; the grenades that a Brute Shot fires are really inaccurate. The two with the dual Plasma Rifles will be hard to get around. They'll cook my shields in a second."

John checked his belt, and found two fragmentation grenades and three plasma grenades. "That will work."

The Master Chief snuck to the corner and threw the plasma grenades under the Brutes. The Brutes looked down and roared. John pulled the pin off of one of his frag grenades and threw it into the group of Brutes. The frag grenade went off, ignited the plasma grenades and caused a massive explosion that shook the floor. John looked around the corner again and only found a melted Brute Shot from the explosion. John walked forward and saw that the walls surrounding the melted Brute Shot were scorched.

"Wow, that did a lot of damage," The Chief stared at the wall for a second, and shook his head. "I've got to get to Truth, fast. Killing him is the only chance I have for ending this war." The chief started around another corner and came to a locked door.

"Oh, great." John muttered to himself. For the first time since he left Cortana, his personal computer A.I., he wished that she was with him. Sure, she was annoying sometimes, and she overanalyzed certain things, but she was a vital asset. She had a great talent at hacking into the Covenant battlenet and scouting out enemy troops. John shook his head again and dismissed the thought. "It doesn't look like Cortana will be coming back with me this time." His thoughts traveled to where he left her, back at High Charity. "Johnson and Commander Keyes are both still on Delta Halo; maybe they'll find her."

John's com channel activated, and a voice on the other side said, "Hello, demon."

John looked around, but he didn't see any enemies. He keyed his com and barked, "Who is this?"

3. Chapter 2: Arrival

Chapter Two: Arrival

A loud creak issued from the bowels of the ship that loomed ahead. A dark, deep stench bellowed from the grav-lift. Two Phantoms flew into the loading bay; while one guarded the doors. The energy barriers went down and the Phantoms entered. The remaining Phantom sped off into the distance as the energy barriers went back up with a blue shimmer. A group of three Elites came out of each Phantom and circled around the loading bay.

"All clear," A Spec-Ops Elite stated.

"Alright, we're on our way out," the commander Elite spoke.

"Everyone, keep on your guard. The Flood has infested this ship, and we must take it back."

"Something told me that this wasn't going to be a walk in the park," Johnson muttered.

Johnson, Keyes, the commander Elite, and the Arbiter hovered out of the Phantom and landed on the cold, chrome floor of the landing bay.

"Johnson, you and two Elites cover our six. Make sure they're in the back; they've got shields. You don't," Keyes ordered.

"Okay, ma'am," Johnson replied.

"Arbiter, if you wouldn't mind, would you take point? You can lead the way to the control room."

"Of course. Grab some weapons if you need them, and we'll be off. We don't have many human weapons on board, but we've got a large assortment of plasma weapons." The Arbiter commented.

"Let's see what we've got here." Johnson said. He walked around the Covenant container and saw the human weapons behind it. "Oh yeah, that'll do." He picked up a M90 shotgun, four frag grenades, and a couple packs of shotgun shells.

"Make sure to keep the loading bay clear," The Arbiter said to the four Spec-Ops Elites. "Commander, will you be coming with us?"

"No, Arbiter. More than likely, the Elites will need my help," The commander said. "Grab your weapons and go, quickly!"

The Arbiter went over to a Covenant weapon container and pulled an energy sword from one of the slots. He readied his Covenant Carbine and grabbed a few energy pods for it.

"Alright, we're on our way. When we secure the control room, send a couple Elites up." The Arbiter stated as he threw a BR55 battle rifle to Keyes. He walked up to Keyes and gave her four plasma grenades before running to a set of doors. The doors automatically opened as he got close to them.

"Let's go!" Keyes exclaimed. Suddenly, a group of 10 infection forms came out of the hallway that had just been exposed. The Arbiter fired multiple Carbine rounds into the infection forms, each of which popped right after they were shot. A few seconds later, all of the infection forms were dead.

"I knew the Flood had infested this ship. We will have to search the ship for any Flood before we take off, or they could spread," The Arbiter muttered and shook his head. "Come on, we should hurry."

* * *

>John waited several seconds before he heard anything.<p><p>

"I am an Elite," the voice declared. "I lead a large group of Elites on Delta Halo, but the Brutes destroyed my ship and captured me. I imagine that they thought they could use me for information, but I

got away from the Brutes and killed several of them." The voice continued, "I thought we could team up, seeing as there isn't much hope of either of us getting out alone. Just before I was captured, I received a message from the Arbiter. He says that two humans, Johnson and Keyes, have joined him and a group of Elites. They will be attempting to recover his ship."

The door made its signature beeping noise as the lock disengaged. The door pulled up and slid into its compartments. The Master Chief readied his Carbine. The door opened to reveal the Elite that he had just been talking to.

"Demon. I never thought I'd say this, but it's good to see you." The Elite growled.

"Call me Chief, not demon. What is your name?" John stated.

"My name is 'Pulmalee," The Elite lowered his plasma rifle and scratched his head with one of his long, thin fingers. "We should be off. The armory isn't too far. We should stock up before going to Truth's room."

"Alright. Make sure to stay close, we don't know what's going to be ahead." John said.

End
file.